

O D E

TO

C L O A C I N A.

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UPON THE MOST FASHIONABLE MODEL:

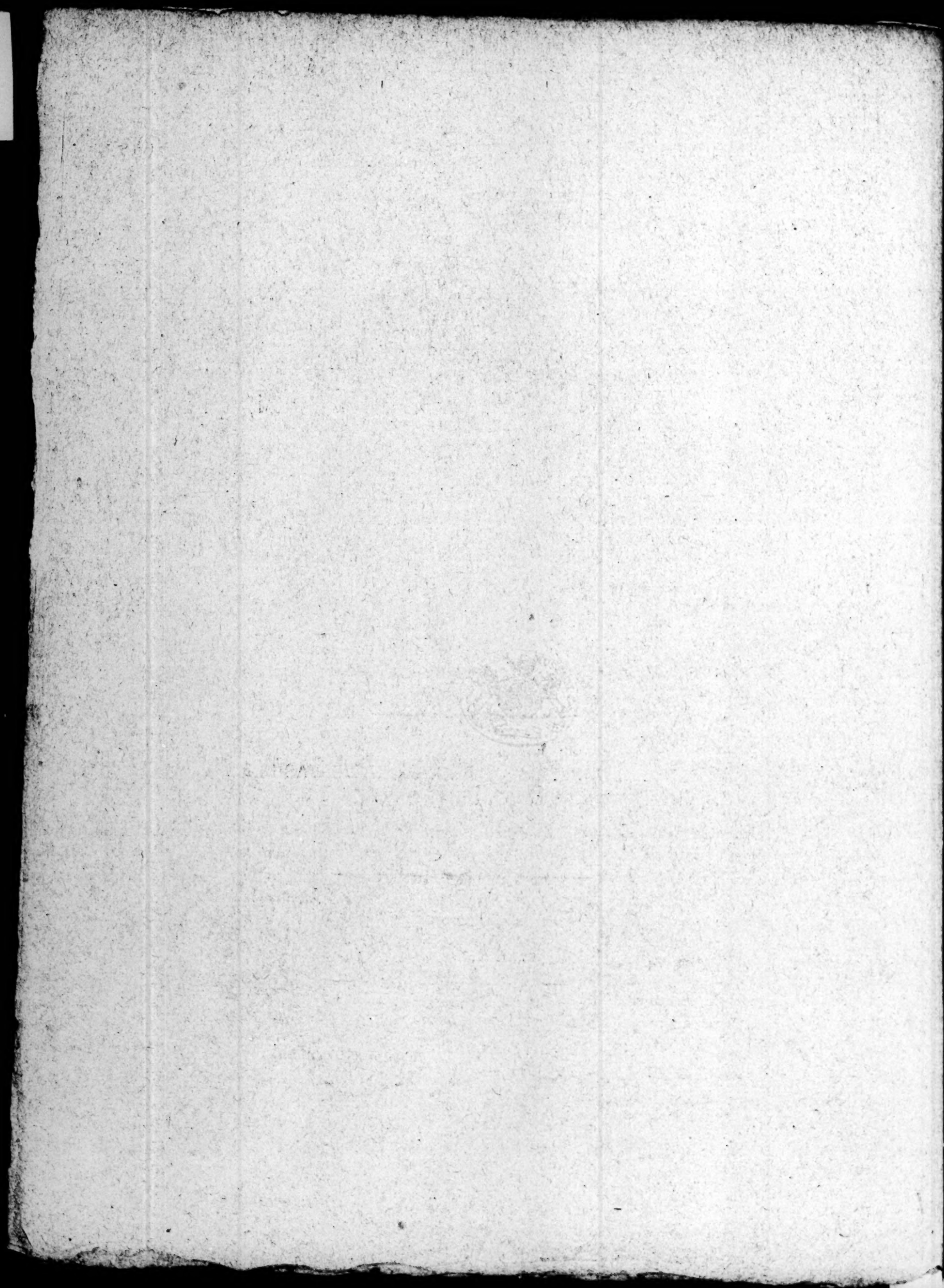
WITH

A CARD TO DR. J-NS-N.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ELOISA EN DESHABILLE.

VETUS ARA MULTO
FUMAT ODORE.
HOR.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR R. FAULDER, NEW BOND-STREET.
DCCLXXXII.



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

SINGING IN THE HEAD is a disorder to which many people are subject, and if neglected, frequently degenerates into a *cacoethes scribendi*, proving very troublesome to the community as well as to the unhappy patient,

Induced by the alarming increase of the complaint, the Author of the following lines offers this composition to the Public, as a cheap, easy, and effectual remedy, particularly in that species of the disease called *the Lyric*. He does not assume the merit of being the original inventor, but candidly owns the hint was first suggested to him by a prescription of the celebrated Dr. Ratcliffe.

No

No particular directions are necessary for the *application*, as it is to be used exactly in the same manner with the common productions of this kind.

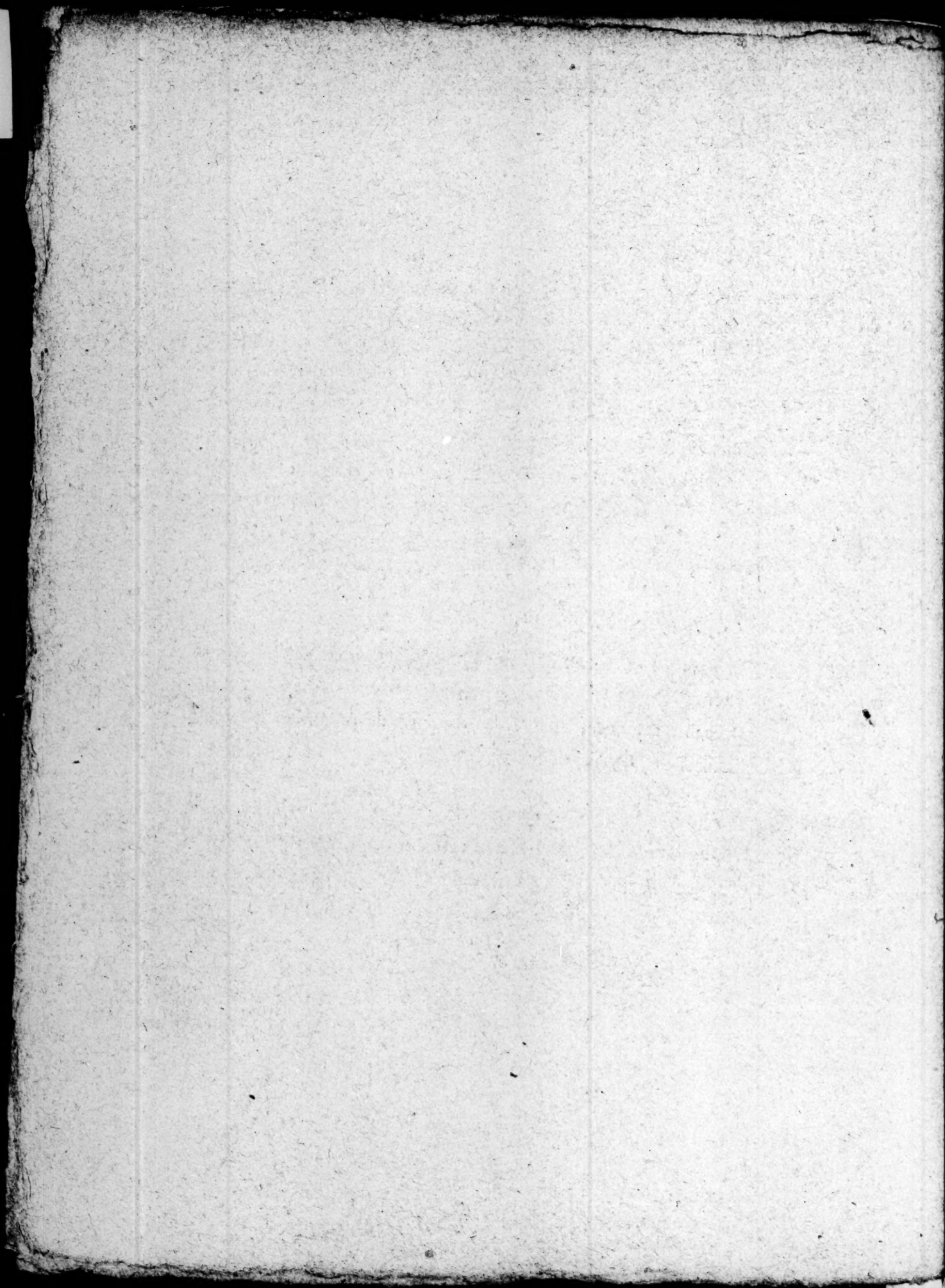
N. B. Ladies of quality or fine gentlemen, who may wish for an impression on *silver paper*, are requested to favour the Printer with their commands, and they will be accommodated with the utmost expedition.

T O D R. S. J — N S — N.

The Author of the Ode to Cloacina presents his most respectful compliments to Dr. J—n, and hopes, notwithstanding Dr. J—n's aversion to the Gods and Goddeses of antiquity, that his Claocina may meet with some indulgence, as he has been particularly careful to avoid larding his lines with allusions to the Heathen mythology; that wretched expedient, to which Prior, Gray, &c. have been reduced, to cover the sterility of their genius.

In the place of these, the Author takes the liberty of substituting Heroes and Heroines of more modern times; from whence the Poet derives a more abundant, as well as more agreeable resource, than from the anecdotes and amours of a parcel of Divinities, for whom no-body cares a farthing.

The measure of his stanzas the Author fears may be liable to the Doctor's reprehension; but he consoles himself with the idea, that he shall be found to have shaken off the trammels of regularity with as much success as most of his contemporary rivals.



O D E

T O

C L O A C I N A.

I.

MIGHTY Queen of powerful favours!

For whom ten thousand altars smoke,

No insipid Muse's favours

Will I, thy Bard, invoke,

O prompt my lays thyself the theme:

For oft thy verse-inspiring steam

Doth stimulate the Poet's brain,

And many a votive tablet decks thy fragrant fane.

B

II. Whe-

II.

Whether thou delight'st to dwell
 In the humble moss-grown cell,
 Hung with woodbine or with ivy,
Forica yclep'd or privy ;
 Or if perchance, those haunts delight thee more
 Where the Great their gifts deposit,
 Laughing oft at curious scenes,
 Thou view'st in splendid water-closet
 *Cr—n's frolicks with de G—s ;
 Or else, O Goddess, quite at home,
 Through thy Edina's streets thou'rt pleas'd to
 roam,
 In every clime, on every shore,
 All, all in various forms, thy great divinity adore.

* Novimus & qui te —

Et quo, sed faciles Nymphæ risere, facello. VIRG.

III.

See Ionquil, thy favourite hue,
 At every turn salutes our view!
 Lo! where glittering from afar
 Old Armist—d mounts her brimstone car!
 Through ev'ry rank the swift infection flies,
 Like Bladud's mange from men to pigs.*
 All at once be-yellow'd see
 Chariot, coach, and vis-a-vis,
 With humble buggies, chairs, and gigs.
 Since first great C—mb—rl—d display'd
 His ample back by thee array'd,†
 In the gay groves of Grosvenor squares
 Great G— thy golden livery deigns to wear,
 And shines by moon-light to our dazzled eyes.

* Vide the Old Bath Guide.

† Vide Cavendish-square.

IV. Since

IV.

Since Astræa left mankind,
Soaring to her native sky,
Thee, mighty wind-compelling Queen, we find
In some degree the loss supply :
For *bound* within thy tort'ring chain
The claret-drinking glutton tastes of pain,
And furr-gown'd turtle-eaters " vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before unpitied, and alone."

V.

Ev'n the rough sons of Neptune's stormy tide
Bend to thy resistless sway :
Behold where Britain's bulwarks proudly ride
Upon July's *unhandsome* day,
To hush their thunder on the Gallic foes!
And now approaching nigh,
For battle every heart beats high ;
Cannons roaring, matches hissing—
Sudden lo ! a Captain's missing !
With

With B—n! B—n! all the decks resound :*

Alas! no Captain can be found!

At length, no place to leave untried.

Sunk in thy lap, great Queen, the chief's descried!

The scar'd lieutenant starts, and stops his nose!

VI.

Alchymists, in days of old,

Tir'd of changing lead to gold,

Tried their arts, nor tried in vain

To gather sweets from thy domain,

Extracting (strange to tell) a rich perfume :†

St. Patrick's peerless Dean from hence,

With equal fortune, equal skill,

Sublim'd thy poignant quintessence,

And with the wanton fallies of his quill

* ——— ut littus Hyla! Hyla! omne sonaret. VIRG.

† Consult Homberg on this subject.

Charm'd the world with Caffy's flame,
 Cælia's fault, that wants a name,
 With curious eye to peep he did presume
 In Chloe's wedding sheets, and od'rous dressing-
 room.

VII.

H—yl—y ! tear thy wayward page :*
 SWIFT in blest Elyfian bowers
 Laughs at the feeble efforts of thy rage,
 Nor care's a fig for strains like our's.

* The elegant Author of the Triumph of Temper has thought proper to d—mn the witty but splenetic Dean to all eternity, in a hell of his own making; and subjects him there to punishments more horrible than those his humane friend Howard discovered in the dungeons which his philanthropy led him to visit. Every lover of Swift, and perhaps not a few of the numerous admirers of Mr. H—y would wish, that this obnoxious passage might be sacrificed, or at least, that it never had appeared.

That

That single leaf quick to the Goddess cast !

Lest thy Serena, hapless fair,

The self-same fate unmerited should share,

And at the foot of Cloacina's throne

With T—sk—r's stanzas, and my own

Increase the gathering pile !

Ah ! learn from me ye sons of Rhyme

Who in sad members sing or say,

Break Priscian's head, and murder Gray,

Who weave the jingling Ode sublime

Or straining tuneful sonnets waste your time,

Ah ! think the while !

To this complexion must they come at last !

F I N I S.

